

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Saturday Night.

SELECTED BY JOHN B. FIELDS.

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know,
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed:
Putting them into clean garments and white—
That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Spying out holes in the little worn hose,
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes,
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin—
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right—
That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Calling her little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lisp forth their evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
Who loved to gather the lambs to His fold,
Watching, they listen with weary delight—
That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep,
After the little ones all are asleep;
Anxious to know if the children are warm,
Tucking the blanket round each little form;
Kissing each little face rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing tonight.

Kneeling down gently beside the white bed,
Lowly and meekly she bows down her head,
Praying as only a mother can pray,
"God guide and keep them from going astray."

Sweet Home, Ind.

DEAR EDITOR:—I have not seen any letters from any of the little folks of Ill. I thought I would write. I am eleven years old, and I go to school every day. My studies are Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic and Geography. I like to go to school. My teacher's name is G. W. Perrine. I live near Virden and six miles from Auburn. My ma belongs to the Brethren church there. Bro. A. M. Ridenour is our pastor. I will close by answering Gracie Saylor's question: Where is screech owl found in the Bible? Isaiah 34: 14.

ALRAH E. CRAY.

Virden, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR:—I will try to write again for the paper, as I have not written for a good while. Pa takes the paper and I like to read the Children's Columns. We keep up our Sunday School during the winter, and have as interesting a Sunday school as we had during the summer. We have beautiful cards every Sunday. Our Sunday School has been searching for words. They have searched for faith, charity, shall be saved, prayer, hope, conscience. I like to search for words. I go to school. We have 64 scholars enrolled. My uncle and two little cousins were here on a visit last October from near Rossville, Ind. They stayed about three weeks. I wish Jennie would write for the paper. It would seem like writing to her. Before leaving my uncle bought for each one of us a nice present which reminds us of him often. Well, I guess I will close for this time. Good by,

CLARA S. STCLAIR.

Logan, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first letter to my little friends. I go to school. I read in the Third Reader and Testament and study Arithmetic, Writing, Grammar, Spelling and Geography. I like my teacher very well. Miss Ella Oakes, teaches our school. She is a very good teacher and is loved by all. Rev. P. J. Brown expects to hold a protracted meeting at Bear Creek, soon. I hope it will be a success. My papa, mamma and sister belong to the Brethren church. I'm ten years old, and expect to be a member sometime. For fear my first letter will weary your patience, I will close. If this escapes the waste basket I will write again.

Good by,

MOLLIE E. KIMMEL.

Dayton, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR:—I write this to you to let you know how I get along at school. I love to go to school and always will. My teacher's name is Eva Barker. She is a good teacher. I like her very well. I love to read the little letters from other little children. I enjoy to read them very well, so I thought I would write a little letter. Grandpa

has been away for four weeks. I am well and hope you are the same. Good by,

GRACE CRIPE.

Dowagiac, Michigan.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I go to school every day. I am twelve years old. My studies are Reading, Arithmetic, History, Geography, Spelling and Writing. I like to read the letters in the Children's Column. I have five brothers and two sisters. I will close by asking a question. Who was Mary's husband? I hope this will escape the waste basket.

LULA SWIHART.

Atchison, Mo.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would like to write a letter for the Children's Column. My papa takes your paper and mamma reads me the little letters, and I like them very much. I was seven years old, last Sunday. I go to school and I like it very much. I study Numbers, Spelling, Writing, Reading and Vocal music. My teacher's name is Miss Couch. I have a little sister and a sweet little baby brother. This is the first letter I ever wrote for a paper and if this one is printed, I may write again.

INEZ HOLLENBERGER.

Whitewater, Wis., Feb. 10, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first attempt to write for the Children's Column. I like to read the little letters in the EVANGELIST, paper. I am eleven years old. I go to school. I study Reading, Arithmetic, Spelling. My teacher's name is Miss Nannie Keller. I like her very much. Our school closed last Tuesday. I have no mother. She died about seven years ago. I have three brothers dead, two were drowned. It has been ten years since they died, and my other brother got shot. He was fixing the lock on his gun and it went off and shot him. It was awful hard to give him up. My sister and I are keeping house for pa. For fear my letter will weary your patience. I will close for this time.

Yours truly,

LAURA D. WILHITE.

Adrian, Mo., Feb. 5, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—This is my first letter to your paper. As I read the Children's letters I thought I would write one also. I am thirteen years of age. I have been going to school. I study Reading, Writing, Spelling, Arithmetic and Geography. My teacher's name is Miss Nannie Keller. My father is dead. He died seven years ago. My mother and two sisters belong to the Brethren church. We have preaching every third Sunday and prayer meeting every Tuesday night. We go when the weather is good. Today is a very bad day it looks as though it would storm. I hope to see this letter in print. I will close by asking a question. What shall be the last enemy that shall be destroyed? Good by,

ILLIE STANTON.

Adrian, Mo., Feb. 8, 1887.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a letter for the Children's Column. I like to read the EVANGELIST. My uncle Samson Warner, takes it, and then we get it from him. We live five and a half miles from church, so we don't get to go very often. Bro. Bashor is our minister. Father and mother likes the paper very much and are thinking of signing for it. I have one brother older than myself and a dear little sister dead. We miss her very much. I am ten years old, and go to school every day. I study Geography, Arithmetic, Writing, Spelling and read in the Fourth Reader. My teacher's name is Ida Bashford, and I like her very much. Well, this is all for this time. I wish to see this in print. Yours truly,

SAMMIE GIBSON.

Hudson, Iowa.

DEAR EDITOR:—I thought I would write a letter for the Children's Column. It is the first attempt. I am nine years old. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mr. Alfred Barthel, and I like him very much. I study Reading, Spelling, Writing, Geography, Arithmetic. I have no brothers or sisters at home. They are all married.

My father and mother belong to the Brethren church. Rev. Neff is our minister, and Rev. Rittgers is our elder. I will answer George Carpenter's question: The riddle may be found in Judges 14: 12. I will close by signing my name,

Yours truly,

CHARLOTTE B. HILDRETH.

Indian Creek, Ind.

From Sister Beer.

Another beautiful Lord's day morning is here and as our Sunday school does not open until eleven o'clock, I thought I would improve the time in writing a letter for the Young Folk's Column.

To introduce myself I will say Dear Children, for you are all dear to me, and if you only knew how much good it does me to read your letters in the EVANGELIST, you would not think we were strangers. When I get the paper the first thing I do after looking over the editorials and a few hasty sketches, is to turn to the Children's Column and then I read every letter on that page. So you see how very welcome your letters are to me, and you would wonder much when I tell you how lonely I am. I live in California. My husband, J. W. Beer, is at Lanark, Ill., preaching and telling the people what they must do to be saved. I have but two children. Orlando, our son is a printer by trade and is working in Sacramento City Sadie, our daughter is now in the city of San Francisco. So you see I am left all alone and I have no pets, but I have just the cutest little dog. I call him Prince. I wish you could see him. But he has some habits I don't like so well. Now I want to tell you, the other evening a poor little stray kitty came to our house and when I feed him although I fill his dish with more food than he can eat, he don't want the kitty to have any. I box his ear; he licks my hand in return, to let me know that he loves me but looks at the kitty as much as to say, it's mine. Now I hope none of the children who write for this column are cultivating a selfish spirit.

I would like to write a long letter and tell you many things about California, but don't want to take up too much space and it is time to harness up "Old Dick" and start to Sunday School. We have our Sunday School in the new Brethren church, Bro. Shanks has been telling you about. Now if I see this in print (as you children say) I may write again. Our reference word for today is baptism. Ever the children's friend.

MRS. HANNAH E. BEER.

Altamont, California., Feb. 6, 1887.

A lump of woe affliction is.
Yet thence I borrow lumps of bliss;
Though few can see a blessing in't,
It is my furnace and my mint.

—Erskine.

OUR DEAD.

BARTHOLOMEW.—Jacob Bartholomew, died February 7, 1887 and was buried Wednesday Feb. 9, in Concord Cemetery, aged 67 years, 8 months and 21 days. Funeral discourse by Rev. A. Yontz of Syracuse of the German Baptist church. Text: Rev. 2 chapter. He leaves a wife and six children to mourn his loss. He was a kind and affectionate father and husband. It is our loss but his gain. He was a devoted member of the German Baptist church for 10 years. He was faithful to his cause and he prayed without ceasing. His last words were for his heavenly Father to take him home to rest, for his pains were great to the last.

The last month of his life he had to withstand awful suffering; but we are glad to know that today he is a shining angel in heaven. Paul says: "To him that o'er cometh God giveth a crown," and we know by his praying and supplication, he is wearing his crown and waiting for us to meet him.

He was born in Pennsylvania, Bedford Co., and raised in Stark Co., Ohio, and was married there to Abigail Eckard, had a family of six children, two boys and four girls, who are all grown up. In 1862 with his family, emigrated to Indiana, Kosciusko Co., where by our aid cleared up a farm of 90 acres, which he leaves with his widow. From one of the children.

JOHN BARTHOLOMEW.

ULLERY.—Died at his residence near Covington, Miami Co., Ohio, the venerable John Ullery, (familiarily known as uncle Johnnie) he passed over Sunday morning at the good age of 88. He was born in the State of Maryland, emigrated to this county with his father and family about the year 1810 or 1811, married to Elizabeth Dale, with that union there were 8 children, 3 sons, and 5 daughters, 3 have departed some years ago. After marriage they settled on a piece of wood-land and by industry and economy they made a farm on which, they lived until their departure, as she departed several years ago.

They united with the German Baptist church quite early in married life, of which, he was a member for over 60 years. Uncle Johnnie was honest in all his dealings and would even suffer himself to be imposed upon than to resent. He leaves many relatives and a host of friends. He passed off fully prepared or with the brightest hopes of being accepted in the beautiful City.

The funeral was largely attended. Conducted by Revs. D. D. Wine and Isaac Frantz. Text: 2 Tim. 4: 6, 7. H. G. U. Covington, Ohio.